

The Retreat of Ensign Beebe

BY ALICE LOUISE LEE

Copyright, 1905, By Alice Louise Lee.

ENSIGN BEEBE turned to Hymn 100, gathered himself together and arose. It was a process worthy of note, a gradual unfolding, as it were, of bone and muscle joint by joint until the result stood six feet four, his substantial feet firmly planted on the floor of the Sunday school room, his bare crown brushing the cobwebs from the ceiling.

His heavy bass voice rumbled against the windows, an unintelligible roar taking the place of any word which he failed to see distinctly. Such wordless sounds were becoming more frequent, although he held the book far from his spectacle-less eyes, whose muscles strained valiantly in the effort to prove the youthfulness of their owner.

He towered above two rows of very little boys whose childish treble was lost in their teacher's bass. They faced two rows of very little girls whose presiding genius sang in a small musical soprano, while one hand made hurried excursions to her bonnet to assure herself of its angle, to the back of her waist to push down her belt, to her throat to ascertain the relations existing between her collar and tie.

All these movements were largely reflected in the eyes of Ensign Beebe as he sang lustily, "And before I'd (indistinct roar) my Raviour I'd lay me (confused mixture of consonants) and die." In an unguarded moment he allowed his gaze to wander in the direction of the little girls. The next instant he rolled his eyes about apprehensively to see if he had been observed. The giggles from a class of sixteen-year-old girls left him in no doubt. Immediately a wave of blood rolled upward through his long neck and submerged his face until, its passage being disputed by his high cheek bones, it overflowed his ears and nose in a glowing flood.

When the school was dismissed Ensign, writhing to the depths of his sensitive soul, hastily dodged the hanging lamps and strode out into the churchyard. Here he was promptly waylaid by a brother whose zeal outran his discretion and whose wit fell short of both.

"Hello, Ensign! It can't be that you're havin' very promisin' weather up your way these days or else you and Lizzie would be comin' to church in a double rig."

It was a speech he had rehearsed to himself carefully for an hour, and the men around him loudly appreciated it, all save its victim. He gave one wild glance in the direction of Mrs. Lizzie, who, with skirts carefully raised, was approaching her carriage, and then stammering, "It—it—the weather is—drove hastily away, followed by good natured roars.

A mile from the church he drew rein in front of a barn which had its counterpart across the road. Hastily stall-



HERE HE WAS PROMPTLY WAYLAID.

ing his horse, he entered the house a few rods beyond. The house also had its counterpart across the road.

Clouds of dust down the turnpike announced the more leisurely home going of his brother churchmen. Usually on a fine day Ensign was wont to sit out on his porch within a stone's throw of the other porch and exchange greetings with the passersby, but today he shut his front door, closed the blinds, opened the slats and sat behind them in a state of gloom without and within.

Mrs. Lizzie soon arrived at the house opposite and disappeared into the barn with her horse. Ensign ducked his head in shame at the sight. He had taken care of her horse ever since her husband's death, but only the day before in the blacksmith's shop he had been rallied on his gallantry. "Ah, Ensign, I see you've taken possession of 'o'other barn already soon," accused the blacksmith of Pennsylvania Dutch origin, and the remark was rankling yet.

The Browns rolled along, one horse half a length behind the other. Their big wagon was full of smiling faces turned toward the closed slats. Every smile touched a weak spot in Ensign's armor. "Makin' a lot of fool comments on her and me, I suppose," he muttered and then felt the blood surge over his face. He writhed in anguish of soul at the six feet four blushing. But the harder he writhed the redder his face be-

Mrs. Grey came out on her porch and sat down comfortably. She was a plump, wholesome, restful woman who had smiled through a married life overshadowed by a ne'er do well husband and was smiling still.

Every one liked the placid, comfortable, cheerful Lizzie. Every one liked the big hearted, generous, jovial Ensign. As a result every one was cheerfully contributing to the misery of both.

After the last vehicle had passed he arose and went about his solitary dinner. "It'll come worse than pullin' eye-teeth," he said aloud. "But Wilson can manage it if anybody can."

Wilson Beebe, a young Scranton lawyer, was Ensign's idol and confidant. He frequently ran "up country" for a day and usually found his uncle hanging over the picket fence in front of the house waving his hat in hilarious welcome. But the following morning when he arrived he was surprised to find the fence deserted, the door closed and the blinds shut. He traveled the length of the house before discovering the disconsolate householder sitting in a round shouldered heap on a broken chair which decorated the back porch.

"Hello, here!" cried Wilson in a ringing, hearty voice. "What are you up to back here, I should like to know?"

"Wilson," said Ensign, partially unfolding as he gripped the other's hand, "I ain't enjoyin' myself."

Wilson dropped on the edge of the porch and leaned against a post. "Why not?" he asked breezily. "Sick?"

"No," returned Ensign solemnly—"no, not sick in my bones, only in my feelin's."

Wilson whistled. He was not accustomed to seeing his favorite relative in this despondent condition.

"What under the canopy is up?" he demanded.

"Everybody is"—Ensign's tone was rueful. "That's the trouble. Everybody is up right early attendin' to my affairs."

A gleam of understanding shot into Wilson's eyes. "It's Mrs. Grey," he said simply.

Ensign nodded. "Yes. It's Lizzie Grey."

He extended his feet to the edge of the porch and clasped his hands over his vest, announcing darkly: "Wilson, there's goin' to be a big change here shortly—a big change. There's got to be. I'll leave it to you that there's things a man can't stand forever."

"For instance?" prompted Wilson.

"Well, there's church. I've got to give it up."

"You give up church?" cried the other in genuine surprise. "Why, uncle, you'd be a fish out of water Sundays!"

"Yes, sirree. I've stood church goin' now as long as I can. I'll leave it to you. I set right back of her. If I look at her the libbits up in the choir giggle and say I can't keep my eyes off her. If I don't look at her they say I daresn't. And either way—I, well, you know how my face gets, Wilson, and me fifty years old."

Wilson nodded and refrained from smiling.

"In Sunday school it's just as bad. Our classes are close together and facin' each other, with a parcel of pesky gigglin' girls one side of us."

There was a pause and a long sigh. Still Wilson faced his uncle soberly.

"And back here home it's just the same with her across the road and some neighbor or other at every door and window around us, watchin' to see what I'm up to. If I set out in front, they tell me I better not wear out my own porch so long as there's another waitin' for me. If I set back here, some one who hasn't got enough business of his own to attend to starts the story that she's give me the mitten."

When he spoke again his tones were unmistakably stubborn. "I've made up my mind, Wilson, to be quit of this foolin'. I'll show folks that I'm not gee-ed and hawed around as easy as they think for. I'll give 'em somethin' to talk about all their lives, I'll be blamed if I don't!"

When his uncle first unfolded his plan Wilson was amused. Later he became alarmed. He argued and remonstrated in vain. "I'll be quit of their foolin', I will," was all the reply he received, and when the stage bore him away in the afternoon he was pledged to aid and abet his unhappy relative.

So quickly did he fulfill his pledge that the week was not yet ended when Ensign received a Scranton daily with an advertisement heavily marked in blue pencil. On the margin was scribbled, "Have made inquiries and hear she is an estimable woman."

The advertisement read:

Wanted.—A position as housekeeper or companion, by a competent woman with good references. Address 301 Irving street, Scranton, Pa.

Ensign studied the little paragraph as he sat at the little table, his feet braced against the wall beyond. "Housekeeper or companion," he mused aloud and planted his forefinger on the latter word. It had but one meaning for him. Presently he uncovered the term and looked at it thoughtfully. His face did not express unalloyed joy. He arose and gazed mournfully through the closed blinds at the house opposite.

Mrs. Lizzie was on her way to the barn

Such a sudden hatred of that other "estimable woman" arose in Ensign's breast that he precipitately gathered together pen, paper and ink before Mrs. Lizzie's pleasant face should entirely obscure the advertisement. It was pure obstinacy which drove his pen as he composed a letter addressed to 201 Irving street:

To Miss or Mrs. —

Dear Madam—I notice an ad. in the Scranton Press of some one there who would keep house or become a companion. I take the liberty at this time to make known my wants. I have a house all furnished that I would be glad to get a woman to keep and would take such a one for a companion if it was agreeable to both.

When he arose the following morning his mood was no darker than the sky. He ate breakfast gloomily, furled his great cotton umbrella and boarded the stage. Even his obstinacy was endangered as he looked back and saw Mrs. Lizzie, her sleeves rolled above her round elbows, standing in the midst of her chickens scattering grain.

As the train bore him farther and farther from the carping tongues of his neighbors Mrs. Lizzie loomed larger and larger in his mind's eye until it was with a feeling of positive homesickness that he strode through the station at Scranton and out on Lackawanna avenue. He had intended to go directly to Wilson's office, but he found that his heart was too heavy to be mov-

ed that far. It was beginning to rain, and the unhappy traveler, after wandering aimlessly up the avenue a few blocks, sought shelter in a restaurant and established himself dimly at a corner table.

He ordered more dinner than he could eat, paid his bill and sat on, heedless of the exasperation of the waiters. The afternoon passed. The proprietor of the place looked him over, concluded he was sober and went away.

After supper he seized his umbrella heroically, turned up his trousers one fold and splashed out into the rain and approaching darkness. As he plodded down the avenue he summed up his afternoon's meditations in one half hearted sentence, "I wrote, though, if 'twas agreeable to both!"

On toward Irving street he walked slowly, watching the moving feet of his fellow pedestrians, all that was visible beneath his overhanging umbrella. Presently he found himself following a black skirt whose damp hem slapped dejectedly against reluctant heels. He drew nearer. A black gloved hand appeared holding a heavy bag. Ensign's heart suddenly pounded in his throat. He raised his umbrella in trepidation and beheld the plump figure of Mrs. Lizzie.

One long stride placed him beside her with Irving street forgotten.

"Lizzie Grey?" he exclaimed, with a joyful ring in his tone.

"Is that you, Ensign?" quavered a tired voice.

The little umbrella was closed, the baggage changed hands, and Lizzie, giving a sigh deep with content, tucked her fingers beneath his arm. No one noticed them, no one smiled at them, and Ensign arose to his full height mentally and physically.

"I'm all tuckered out," sighed Mrs. Lizzie, with tears in her voice. She drew unconsciously nearer Ensign and pushed her hand farther under his arm.

"It's a rainy day to get around in," he responded brilliantly. His manner contained all the rays of the hidden sun, for his thoughts were taking a daring but happy flight.

"I guess it is," returned Mrs. Lizzie. "How far do you go?" Ensign asked, and her reply brought him down from his joyful height.

"Oh, it's only a little ways—just to Irving street. My niece telegraphed me this afternoon that a—a—some one wants to see me tonight, so I had to come off in a hurry."

"Why, I am going to Irving street myself," Ensign faltered and then added in a jerky tone, "201."

There was a quick movement under his arm. "Why, there's where I'm going. My niece lives there!" cried Mrs. Lizzie.

An idea occurred simultaneously to both, and they stopped short. Mrs. Lizzie's shoes lingered in a muddy pool, while Ensign's broad back barred the path of a man racing home to dinner. The man recoiled, damaged in speech and feelings, but Ensign was unconscious of the impact.

"Then it's your advertisement!" Ensign cried, with such a ring of relief in his tone that Mrs. Lizzie moved hastily on, although her own voice sounded brighter as she returned:

"And you answered it?"

Ensign wobbled his umbrella joyfully into the eye of a passing policeman. "If I'd only known you was back of it I'd not felt like as if I was attendin' my own funeral day, I can tell you!"

Mrs. Lizzie increased her speed. "Folks' tongues was that upsettin'," she began confusedly, "that I thought if I could get a place as housekeeper or companion to some nice lady!"

"Nice lady!" exploded Ensign. "Companion to a nice lady?"

His tone of blank amazement enlightened Lizzie. "Ensign Beebe," she began indignantly, "you surely didn't think!"

Ensign interrupted in a voice suddenly resolute. "I'm thinkin' hard enough now, Lizzie, that bein' a companion to a nice lady ain't the situation I want you to take!"

TEACHERS' EXAMINATIONS.

Notice is hereby given that the county superintendent of Clatsop county, will hold the regular examination of applicants for state and county papers at the Court House as follows:

For State Papers.

Commencing Wednesday, February 14, at 9 o'clock a. m., and continuing until Saturday, February 17, at 4 o'clock, p. m.

Wednesday—Penmanship, history, spelling, algebra, reading, school law.

Thursday—Written arithmetic, theory of teaching, grammar, bookkeeping, physics, civil government.

Friday—Physiology, geography, mental arithmetic, composition, physical geometry.

Saturday—Botany, plane geometry, general history, English literature, psychology.

For County Papers.

Commencing Wednesday, February 14, at 9 o'clock a. m., and continuing until Friday, February 16, at 4 o'clock, p. m.

First, Second and Third Grade Certificates.

Wednesday—Penmanship, history, orthography, reading.

Thursday—Written arithmetic, theory of teaching, grammar, physiology.

Friday—Geography, mental arithmetic, school law, civil government.

Primary Certificates.

Wednesday—Penmanship, arithmetic, orthography, reading.

Thursday—Art of questioning, theory of teaching, physiology.

EMMA C. WARREN,
Supt. of Clatsop Co.

CHATTEL MORTGAGE SALE.

Notice is hereby given that on the 7th day of March, 1904, Robert Gibson executed and delivered to Chas. H. Page, trustee, his certain mortgage chattel, mortgaging unto the said Chas. H. Page, trustee, the following described personal property, viz:

1 large printing press,
2 small printing presses,
1 wire stitching machine,
1 paper cutter,
1 electric motor,
5 composing stands,
3 writing desks,
1 linotype machine,
2000 pounds of type, roe or less, of arr descriptions, and cases, stands and office fixtures.

That the conditions of said chattel mortgage have been broken and there is now due, owing and unpaid on the indebtedness secured thereby the sum of \$414.27.

That pursuant to a demand made by the said Chas. H. Page, Trustee, and by virtue of the power in said mortgage given, I have seized and taken possession of the above described mortgaged property and I will, on Saturday, the 17th day of February, 1906, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in the City of Astoria, Clatsop county, Oregon, sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash, the whole of the above described mortgaged chattels, as are entirely or sufficient thereof to satisfy said sum of \$414.27, together with the costs and expenses of the foreclosure hereof.

Dated at Astoria, Oregon, this 10th day of February, 1906.

Dated at Astoria, Oregon, this 10th day of February, 1906.

THOS. LINVILLE,
Sheriff of Clatsop county, Oregon.

TO THE REPUBLICANS OF CLATSOP COUNTY

"To the Republicans of Clatsop County, Oregon:"

"We, the undersigned, Republicans of Clatsop County, Oregon, interested in the success of Republican principles, and believing that the time is ripe when the Republicans of our county should unite to the end that a spirit of patriotism and loyalty to Republican principles may prevail, and to aid and assist in securing and maintaining harmony and unity to the Republican party and its candidates in this county and State; to aid and assist in the enactment and enforcement of good laws, and to assist in all public movements that tend to the betterment and upbuilding of our county and State, hereby invite all Republicans of Clatsop county to unite in a general mass meeting on Monday evening, February 12th, 1906, at the court house in the city of Astoria, the anniversary of Lincoln's birth, and organize a Republican Club for Clatsop county:"

- | | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|----------------------|
| E. H. Strumeyer | W. E. Burke | Thos. B. Loughery |
| W. J. Binder | J. S. Dellinger | Harrison Allen |
| C. A. Coolidge | Jas. Hanaford | Tom Chambers |
| H. D. Gray | J. C. McCue | Martin Francicovich |
| Chas. Heliborn | W. E. Smith | A. W. Snow |
| Thos. Ryrle | Fred Brown | John Maguire |
| T. S. Cornelius | T. J. Goodman | Frank Eklunce |
| A. Y. Anderson | C. J. Curtis | Swan Wilson |
| Aug. Danielson | A. Montgomery | Frank O. Carlson |
| Otto F. Heilborn | W. A. Sherman | Nels Edison |
| W. A. Goodin | Henry Sherman | C. W. Loughery |
| Richard C. Lee | Amus Brix | John Fox |
| Albert Dunbar | P. J. Brix | F. C. Reed |
| Jay Tuttle | F. Carahan | A. S. Reed |
| W. E. Schimpff | O. F. Morton | C. C. Patrick |
| Alfred S. Tee | S. Elmore | James H. O'Connell |
| F. L. Parker | H. J. Wherity | A. W. McLean |
| J. F. Kearney | L. E. Howes | Frank Patton |
| T. R. Davis | C. H. Cooper | W. A. Stein |
| J. C. Clinton | Norris Staples | J. A. Fulton |
| D. H. Welch | Frank J. Taylor | A. G. Spurr |
| C. W. Carahan | J. H. Seymour | Thos. Brucker |
| J. A. Eakin | L. E. Selig | A. C. Fisher |
| C. J. Enberg | W. N. Smith | R. E. Carruthers |
| G. B. Johnson | Will Madison | H. H. Freeman |
| C. E. Linton | C. J. Gundersen | Chas. H. Abercrombie |
| Martin Foard | W. F. McGregor | F. Carney |
| James J. Robinson | John Nordstrom | W. J. Mahan |
| T. S. Jewett | A. Finney | R. G. Prall |
| P. L. Stangeland | W. R. Hume | J. W. Johnson |
| C. G. Palmberg | C. B. Hazen | |
| Otto E. Carlson | Earl O. Fisher | |

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Astoria National Bank

At Astoria, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business, January 29, 1906.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts \$293,802.56

Overdrafts, secured and unsecured 5,767.56

U. S. Bonds to secure circulation 12,800.00

Premiums on U. S. Bonds 600.00

Bonds, securities, etc 49,977.82

Banking house, furniture and fixtures 4,000.00

Other real estate owned 29,375.00

Due from National Banks (not reserve agents) 6,787.91

Due from State Banks and Bankers 870.13

Due from approved reserve agents 137,571.10

Checks and other cash items 1,288.55

Notes of other National Banks 615.00

Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents 1,631.13

Lawful money reserve in bank via:

Specie \$53,441.10

Legal-tender notes 1,254.00

Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent circulation) 625.00

Total \$600,106.85

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in \$ 50,000.00

Surplus fund 50,000.00

Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid 26,698.73

National Bank notes outstanding 12,500.00

Individual deposits subject to check \$509,633.93

Demand certificates of deposit 144,677.46

Certified checks 50.50

Total \$793,560.62

State of Oregon, County of Clatsop, ss: I, S. S. Gordon, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

S. S. GORDON,
Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of February, 1906.

V. BOELLING,
Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

G. C. FLAVEL,
W. F. MCGREGOR,
J. WESLEY LADD,
Directors.

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in \$ 50,000.00

Surplus fund 10,000.00

Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid 35,118.63

National Bank notes outstanding 11,300.00

Individual deposits subject to check \$249,310.10

Demand certificates of deposit 32,153.79

Time certificates of deposit 212,224.33

Total \$600,106.85

State of Oregon, County of Clatsop, ss: I, J. E. Higgins, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. E. HIGGINS,
Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of February, 1906.

M. G. MAGEE,
Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

GEORGE W. WARREN,
GEO. H. GEORGE,
A. SCHERNECKAU,
Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE First National Bank

At Astoria, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business, January 29, 1906.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts \$315,275.00

Overdrafts, secured and unsecured 8,536.02

U. S. Bonds to secure circulation 12,800.00

Bonds, securities, etc 63,000.00

Other real estate owned 6,000.00

Due from National Banks (not reserve agents) 10,678.75

Due from State Banks and Bankers 70,919.36

Due from approved reserve agents 190,465.90

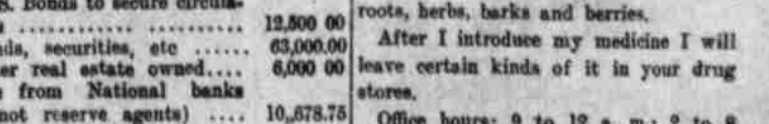
State of Oregon, County of Clatsop, ss: I am now in your city introducing my wonderful arts of healing. Come one and all and I will tell everyone their disease and you will be made well. My medicines are all nature's remedies, roots, herbs, barks and berries.

After I introduce my medicine I will leave certain kinds of it in your drug stores.

Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 8 p. m., at the Megler House, 680 Commercial street, rooms 1 and 2.

Consultation free at Astoria, Ore.

Dr. D. A. Sanburn
FRENCH SPECIALIST.
The King of Cures



I am now in your city introducing my wonderful arts of healing. Come one and all and I will tell everyone their disease and you will be made well. My medicines are all nature's remedies, roots, herbs, barks and berries.

After I introduce my medicine I will leave certain kinds of it in your drug stores.

Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 8 p. m., at the Megler House, 680 Commercial street, rooms 1 and 2.

Consultation free at Astoria, Ore.